



KEE, CORA

INTERVIEW

Form A-(S-149)

BIOGRAPHY FORM

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WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Johnsa H. Hampton

This report made on (date) July 13, 1937

1. Name Mrs. Cora Kee

2. Post Office Address Antlers, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month January Day 10 Year 1905

5. Place of birth Antlers, Oklahoma

6. Name of Father M. L. Lowe Place of birth Arkansas

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Mrs. Jessie M. Lowe Place of birth Arkansas

Other information about mother \_\_\_\_\_

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached Three.

Johnson H. Hampton  
Field Worker  
July 13, 1937.

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Interview with Mrs. Cora Kee  
Antlers, Oklahoma  
Born January 19, 1895.  
Father-M. L. Lowe  
Mother-Mrs. Jessie M. Lowe

I was born on the 19th of January, 1895, in Antlers, Choctaw Nation. My father's name was M. L. Lowe and my mother's name was Jessie M. Lowe. They came from Arkansas when they were young and located in Antlers, just after the Frisco railroad was completed through this country. They lived here until their deaths, and they were buried in Antlers Cemetery. At the time my father and mother moved to this town there were but few white people living here. The houses were box houses and the town was just a small village then, with just a few stores and the town was surrounded with big heavy timber.

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When my father moved to this country he came in a covered wagon. There were two families came together and located here in Antlers. My father leased some land about two miles from town from an Indian. We lived in town while he farmed this land, he raised lots of corn and some cotton and other farm products. When we moved here

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we lived in a box house. There were no good houses in those days and no modern houses, they were all box houses. These box houses were good for the kind that they were.

My father was living here when the Indians had their war. This war was between the Locke and Jones factions, in 1893. It was among the Indians and was called the Locke and Jones war. I don't think anyone was killed or hurt by stray bullets during the fight, which occurred in town.

When we moved here we had no furniture, only a camping outfit. We had a few head of cattle, some hogs and some work horses. It did not take hard work to make a living here then.

There were not many white people here then. There were lots of Indians and they used to come to our home.

Father would feed the Indians when they would come to town and sometimes he would keep them all night.

Father moved here with the expectation of making a start. The country offered good opportunity for young men who would try to do anything and father made us a good living.

He made some money, but of course he did not get rich although he had plenty.

I went to the first school that was established in this town. There was no school for the white children, in fact there was no school at all until Rev. E. Brantly a Presbyterian preacher moved here and opened up a school. It was a subscription school charging us one dollar per month, and I went to school with several Indian children who attended the <sup>same</sup> time as I.

I still have <sup>in</sup> my possession a feather bed and some pillows and a thimble that belonged to ~~mother~~, which she left to me when she died, I am keeping them for a keep sake and to remember my mother by. I have been raised among the Indians and all of them that I have associated with have treated us with the most respect, I don't think that there are any better people living than the Indians. My father never did have any trouble with any of them, as they were all friends of his and friends to us.

There were lots of wild game such as deer <sup>and</sup> / turkeys <sub>of</sub> and plenty / fish in the creeks. Father would go out in the woods and bring back a deer, or turkey anytime he

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wanted to. Fishing was a good sport for there were plenty of fish in the creeks.

My story is mostly hearsay, and from what I have heard my father tell us, and from my own experience as to what I have seen while living in Antlers. I am still living in Antlers, and expect to be here the rest of my life.